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Hi and welcome once again to the 41st issue of HTT. This time around I continue my Bob Bress Bashing ways by reprinting some correspondence between Master Sims and former HTT editor Tim Ferrante. I'll restrain myself from making any comments as I think it pretty much speaks for itself. Thanks to Tim for sharing this momentous occasion. But first, in answer to numerous request (well, actually two people), here's a review by yours truly.

EL SECRETO DE MOMIA EGIPCIANA (1974) OFF SPANISH LANGUAGE TV
DIRECTED BY ALEJANDRO MARTÍ REVIEWED BY CRAIG LEDETTER

Spanish language TV stations are as good a source for obscure Euro-horror productions as your local video store. I've managed to see Riccardo Freda's INNARIA WITH A TUMBLE OF FIRE and Lucio Fulci's PLATINUM CEMETERY along with countless others. EL SECRETO DE MOMIA EGIPCIANA (THE SECRET OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY) while obscure, it's mentioned in Phil Hardy's error-prone encyclopedias



III Horror Files, but only in passing and not actually reviewed) is certainly not in the same class as the two films previously mentioned. Filmed in France, this beautifully photographed picture hits a 10 on the ludicrous plot-o-meter.

Veteran heavy Frank Brana (LA MUERCA DE KUNG KONG, STREET WARRIORS, ETC) plays the hero for a change as he visits his friend Senor Conde (played by another veteran of European productions, Jerome Pinaudi). In an extended flashback sequence, Conde receives a sarcophagus that contains a perfectly preserved member of Egyptian royalty. He discovers that blood will bring the fellow back to life, so Conde and his brutish assistant John begin kidnapping local women for a constant supply of blood. As the mummy (I hesitate to use the word since he's not your typical mummified, bandaged from head to toe fiend) drinks more and more of the red stuff he soon overpowers and impisons Conde and easily dominates John, sending him out for even more nubile blood banks. The arrival of Conde's daughter and her girlfriend distract the mummy long enough for Conde to escape and dismember the guy's hand. After reanimating the mummy in the basement, the story returns to the present where we see Conde whipping the severed hand that he has chained to a wall! As bizarre as this scene is, I can't for the life of me figure out its significance in this film. That night Brana is lured to the basement by the now escaped hand (and the amputation of those digits makes Bobbie GAGE's SPFX look like state of the art!) where he finds Conde dead, next to the impaled body of the Egyptian mummy.

Crushed into a 90 minute slot, I'm sure certain scenes were cut out that might help to explain one hell of a lot. Even so we have such a delightful set piece as Conde's inept assistant getting his ass kicked by most of the women he tries to kidnap. Also, not only is the mummy a sex fiend (he always strips the women down to bra and panties before he bites their necks) but the son-of-a-bitch knows Judo!

Dan Goomber, producer of the crudite fantine THE SLAUGHTER TIMES, apparently is seeking a movie called FATAL TURN-ON (see promo material below). I'm thoroughly convinced there is no hope for the horror video market. Even more reason to look overseas for thrills.



EXHIBITION FILM, a feature-length film written and produced by Dan Goomber, starring Z. B. Hill, Leslie Rose and Peter Slatkin. Paul Shatzkoff, music supervisor for "One of the Boys", also directed.

The pic follows the exploits of a very troubled young college student (voiced by Michael Jackson). During the course of experimentation, he discovers a potent potion that turns people, especially attractive, into crazed zombies. After experiencing a particularly sexual orgasm, this fella, thinking on the edge of reason, goes over the brink and unleashes his deadly discovery.

Will the male counter cult take a violent sexual culture? We believe that this is horror entertainment that will satisfy the most discerning audiences. For more information, contact:

D. B. Goomber
EXHIBITION FILM
APT. 43
Brooklyn, New York 11209
or call
(212) 566-1863

Now let's get to that Ferrante/Gore correspondance. Please note that Rod wrote a second letter not realizing he wrote the first. This should come as no surprise to loyal BOMBEST readers. Afterall, Rod reviewed the same movie under two different titles and gave each one a different rating, not realizing he was watching the same film (see BOM 467).

REVIEW NO. 1000
REVIEW NO. 1001

This is a continuation of a long email correspondence I recently got in from our good friend Rod Ferrante. In this email, Rod discusses his recent review of "The Gorefest" (see BOM 467) and the reason why he gave it a different rating than the original review.

He states that he had a few days to review the movie and that he initially gave it a rating of 3 stars. However, after re-watching the movie, he found that he had given it too many stars. He then re-reviewed the movie and gave it a rating of 2 stars. He also states that he had a few days to review the movie and that he initially gave it a rating of 3 stars. However, after re-watching the movie, he found that he had given it too many stars. He then re-reviewed the movie and gave it a rating of 2 stars.

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REVIEW NO. 1002
REVIEW NO. 1003



REVIEW NO. 1004
REVIEW NO. 1005

Dear Mr. Ferrante,
I hope this finds you well. I am writing to you because I have been reading your reviews on the BOMBEST website and I am impressed by your writing style and your passion for horror movies. I am a huge fan of horror myself and I appreciate the way you write about the genre. I am particularly interested in your reviews of the "Gorefest" series, which I have seen and enjoyed very much. Your writing is clear and concise, and you seem to have a good understanding of the genre. I am looking forward to reading more of your reviews in the future. Thank you for taking the time to write such great reviews. I hope you continue to enjoy writing about horror movies.

Best regards,
John Doe

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Best regards,
John Doe

Rod Sims
Warner/Gore Theatrical & Video
NEWSLETTER

Next up is David Waller's review of one of Mario Bava's best films.

LISA AND THE DEVIL (1972) DIRECTED BY MARIO BAVA
REVIEWED BY DAVID WALLER

The original cut of *LISA AND THE DEVIL* still unofficially available on home video (though it has played TV in NY), with obvious cuts for nudity and violence and likely to remain so forever, is spellbinding cinema and highly deserving of better treatment than it has received. It is also a bit on the complicated side, thanks to the merging of two distinct storylines/perspectives whose relationship is not altogether symbiotic (thus is my theory). It's as though Bava had separate ideas for two different films and combined them--somewhat unassimilably--for *Lisa*. One of these "ideas" we'll call the Lisa Story. In it, Lisa (Elke Sommer) is a tourist in an Italian city who, after viewing a medieval fresco of the devil carrying off the dead, enters a tenuous, off-kilter mental territory where reality and fantasy merge. Her "guide" for this no-returning-back excursion into psychological hell is Cesare the butler/puppeteer (Telly Savalas), who bears a marked resemblance to Satan as rendered in the aforementioned fresco. This "storyline" holds sway over the movie's opening and closing sequences and would seem to be responsible for many of the subtle reality gags and delicate contradictions with which the entire movie is rife.

The other plotline, which is somewhat more characteristic of Bava's work, we'll term the Maxilian Story. It's the account of a disturbed young man, Maximilian (Alessio Orlando), who lives in an old, half-furnished villa with his blind, aging mother (Adria Vellini). There is a dusty, death-pressed world: the mother is preparing a commemorative funeral service for her long-gone husband, and Max keeps the skeleton of his former fiancee in an upstairs bedroom. One night, against his mother's wishes, he takes in some stranded travelers, one of whom, Lisa, is the exact image of his late fiancee. He sees her as a chance to escape his dim, sepulchral existence and woo her, somewhat successfully, until making the mistake of showing her the forbidden remains of her predecessor. Things begin to fall apart, and we eventually learn that a particularly devastating past event is responsible for the family's current sad state of affairs: Max's beloved fiancee had left him for his own stepfather, and was in the process of running away with the stepfather when Max killed her, thus avenging both himself and his mother. With its sharp delineation of the subjects of death, decay, romance and family torment, this second storyline is quintessential Bava psychopathetic. The familiar story elements are put together in such a way that each is keenly resonant and capable of drawing real thematic blood.

Unfortunately though, the Maxilian Story is interlaced with the Lisa Story, and this two-films-in-one quality prevents *LISA AND THE DEVIL* from achieving the thematic cogency of earlier Bava masterworks like *MATI* (1963), *THE HOUSE OF EXORCISM*, version,

with its added-music pictines, is an impossible THREE files in one.) Everything that's really strong about LISH AND THE DEVIL--and there's a lot that resembles to the Maximilian story (although the Lisa story is not uninteresting and, in a different context, would probably make a decent movie). There are elegant images (words written in the kind of a wedding cake); haunting tangents. During a dinner-table conversation, the blind mother hears her dead husband walking in the room above her, and here's spirited camera takes a privileged ascent to prowl the dark and eerie upper room, momentarily becoming both the mind's eye of the mother and the eyes of the ghost); and instances of demented humor (with the sincere intentions of a loving spouse, Max presents the undernourished bones of his decomposing fiancee with dessert, saying "I brought you some cake--it's your favorite, with chocolate sprinkles"). Especially provocative is an extended scene of attempted lovemaking on the necrophiliac bed, in which Max drugs Lisa and tries to make love to her unconscious body with the skeleton of his earlier love lying only an arm's length away. Heightened by Carlo Savina's beautiful music theme, and directed as much for emotion and sympathy as for horror, this unsettling scene is simply one of the great, primal moments in horror cinema--and suggests possibilities for the movie as a whole that perhaps could've been realized if the Maximilian Story had been allowed to stand unencumbered, to its fullest advantage. Still, all criticisms notwithstanding, LISH AND THE DEVIL is the key work of Mario Bava's career, and its continual inaccessibility is a damn shame.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE (1980) CHARTER ENTERTAINMENT

REVIEWED BY KRIS GILPIN

This new genre offering, written and directed by Rick Rosenthal, concerns old Lester Bacon (a hair who, after 70 years, is about to lose his now-jaundant business to county foreclosure in his small town). Lester has a big fat retarded son named Buddy, ummm, who slices up people with a big butcher knife indiscriminately; Buddy also grunts and snorts like a pig instead of talking. The acting by everyone is better than average, and the camerawork is pretty slick for a lower-budgeted movie. Later on two of the stereotypical teens in town get their girlie love (a really cute Brunette who gets hung up to dry); so they can't stay inside the slaughterhouse during a thunder storm one night. There is a lot of dialogue between action scenes, a lot of the gore was cut quickly for an R rating (one throat-slitting is juxtaposed with a closeup of a tomato being sliced open) and there's no nudity on view which, of course, is usually essential in a good shit flick. Gaggy/funny-type music plays over the opening credits, as we see pigs being prepped for slaughter (yuk yuk), and time is filled with montages of the teens farting around the slaughterhouse, a stupid dance scene at KFC's annual pig-out/food fight, and shots of Buddy riding around in the dead deputy's car (a stupid mistake; one girl "doesn't notice him" as Buddy zooms past her; soon afterwards she doesn't try to drive away from the creep when she could've given it a try). There is a neat severed-hand-with-blood-spitting-stun effect

Laemmle film, *THE MURKIN*? I held it back just until a great hand squish with living brains, but the bond between sick dad and killer son, as well as the teen torture scene, are reminiscent of the *IT AND CHRISTIANE MARZELLE* movies. The biggest "scare" comes when Buddy slices someone's finger tip, then plays with the tiny sound—but how often are there any real scares in blitterish anyway?—and there's just a little bit of "suspense" toward the end; the last shot of the film is old-hat, but cut a bit differently. Due to its slow parts, "rental recommendation" on *SLAUGHTERHOUSE* is barely marginal. *Best Times*: Buddy is a good boy, but he has what you might call basic hygiene problems.

THE OTHER HELL (1980) VESTRON VIDEO
DIRECTED BY STEPHEN DEBLICKY (real name KIRK MATTHEWS)
REVIEWS BY FREDERICK WILLIAMS

There is so much I must tell you, and so little time. I'd like to mention how this *Mun* in *Hell* movie starts with a nutzoid nun slapping out the vaginas of a dead nun, explaining (in atrocious dubbing) that the offending corpse gave birth to the son of the Devil, who still lurks in the catacombs, then goes over the edge after a series of cheap special effects and knives the little initiate she was scaring. I'd like to, but it doesn't have a whole lot to do with the film as a whole, so to hell with it.

After the fairly orthodox Padre Ennada investigates the weird happenings in the convent (culminating in a death by stabbity), which is at least intellectually divertingly, he returns to home quibbling about the "nameless evil" that lurks in the catacombs. A big cardinal dispatches young Father Valerian to the convent. Valerian is a new breed of priest, who believes that evil is explainable in concrete psychological terms. Well, he is on Valerian, as he starts coming up against stuff he can't explain away.

This is a jumbled film, all the more maddening because it is occasionally quite effective. There are some scenes of near hallucinogenic beauty and horror, and then boom, back we go to workman-like (and less than workman-like) filmmaking. Don't rent this film expecting fabulous make-up effects or a non-stop bloodbath. The film is very heavy on surreal bread-and-cheap atmospherica. I spent most of the film cynically wondering where they'd fit in the *combi*. I was not disappointed. Also interesting that Valerian should be cured after an herbal sedative, as he had such the same effect on me.

I give *THE OTHER HELL* a borderline recommendation, mainly because it successfully managed to conceal from me the exact nature of the "nameless evil" banging around in the catacombs. No small achievement, bailed me.

THANK YOU LUCAS BALBO FOR THE *HERO*, DR. UHLUFF, STEVE BOGDANY FOR THE *HILL*, EVELYN LAMM OUT OF THE *WAVE*, RILEY WILLIAMS FOR *SCHIZZI*, BANISTER LINES FOR RELEASING *STAR OF THE WORLD*.

THE LONG HAIR OF DEATH (1984) SINISTER LINES
DIRECTED BY ANTONIO RIGHERETTI REVIEWED BY CONRAD WIDNER

To most fans familiar with his work, the name Antonio Righeretti strikes fear into their hearts. Those who have seen his recent efforts, CYCOP AND INVASION OF THE FLESH HUNTERS come to mind; seem to agree they are derivative junk. But throughout Righeretti's long and wildly erratic career, he has also made some decent flicks. I would put THE LONG HAIR OF DEATH into that category.

At the end of the 15th century, Adele Bernstein, wife of the local count (Jean Rafferty), is burnt at the stake after being wrongly accused of murder by witchcraft. The woman's young daughter, Elizabeth, and Kurt (he's the real killer), the count's son, watch as Adele screams that a curse will fall over the village. Another woman, Helen (Barbara Steele), knows Adele is innocent. But her pleas to the count fall on deaf ears. The count later kills Helen to prevent her from telling the truth. Years pass and Adele's curse appears to be taking shape as a strange plague runs rampant through the town. Meanwhile Kurt has fallen in love with the now grown Elizabeth (Halina Zalewska). Although Elizabeth hates Kurt, the scoundrel forces her to marry him. The plague finally comes to an end and a ceremony is held to celebrate. During the ceremony a woman called Mary (she looks exactly like the murdered Helen) appears causing the count to die of a heart attack. Kurt soon has the hots for Mary and due to his jaded marriage, decides to poison his wife. Kurt's plan is a success, or is it? Kurt places the body of his dead wife in her bedroom expecting to hear a scream from Elizabeth's servant. Instead he's shocked to hear the servant talking to Elizabeth! After the servant has left, Kurt, now a frazzled mess, rushes into the room to find nothing. Only his wife's empty breakfast tray remains. Other strange events occur that lead Kurt to believe his wife has returned from the dead. I don't want to give away the denouement, but it's both satisfying and chilling.

Along with CASTLE OF BLOOD (also starring Barbara Steele) and THE VIRGIN OF MURKEDWY (aka HORROR CASTLE), THE LONG HAIR OF DEATH is easily one of Antonio Righeretti's best horror flicks. Here the direction is smooth and controlled, nicely enhanced by rotting corpses, striking lighting, rats, skeletons and cobwebbed crypts. The film has a fine cast too. George Ardisson, a familiar face to Italian film enthusiasts, is convincing as the conniving Kurt. As usual, Barbara Steele brings her own unique style to her role along with her strong screen presence and hypnotic beauty. I've never seen Halina Zalewska in any other films, but she is very good as the beautiful and determined Elizabeth. Lovers of Italian Gothic Horror flicks will eat LHM Hail to DEATH up.

Another one bites the dust. Steve Bodeney submitted a long list of new titles for HFF which I have no room around. There are a few however that I liked quite a bit. In addition Jim Newell will add more entries, including FRANKENSTEIN, and my favorite FRIGHTENED FRANK STEELIN.